Traffic Jam

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Traffic Jam

by Bad_Wolf_Rising

Summary

Traffic is at a standstill, and Will is bored. He and Hannibal had plans after lunch, so why not do them while they’re stuck in traffic.

Idea from @_wrubel on Twitter!

Will and Hannibal were having lunch together when Jack called Will to a scene. Seeing as Hannibal had come pick him up, he'd figure he could just drop him off.

That was an hour ago.

There was a bad accident on the highway, and traffic was at a standstill. Will was getting antsy. He was bored, and boredom didn't suit him very well. Boredom caused his mind to wander, and, despite being called away from his date, he was relatively happy and content. The car was too quiet, which wasn't unusual. They rode in comfortable silence.

Hannibal was scrolling through his phone while they waited. Will looked him up and down. They had plans after dinner, plans he'd been looking forward to. Work would not ruin his nice day. Without no word of warning, he reached over with one hand, working open Hannibal's belt. Hannibal didn't question, just helped in the process of undoing his trousers.

"We had plans after lunch, and I'm bored," Will said as he pulled the waistband of Hannibal's underwear down.

Hannibal chuckled softly and adjusted his seat. "Come, settle."

Will unbuckled his seatbelt, leaning over the middle console. He wiggled until he was comfortable between the gear shift and console. Hannibal offered his cock, and Will happily accepted. He lapped at the head before slowly taking Hannibal all the way down. He sucked lazily. He had absolutely no intention of getting Hannibal off, it was nice to simply have the weight of him on his tongue. Hannibal combed his fingers through his soft curls.

"Good boy," Hannibal murmured, turning his attention back to his phone.

Will tucked an arm underneath Hannibal's left leg, pulling him closer. Will let out a soft, happy sigh. He took as much of Hannibal down as he could in this position. He shifted forward just enough so he could take Hannibal all the way down, nose pressed into his pubic hair.

Will could feel Hannibal start to harden in his mouth. He traced along veins with his tongue, pulling back to drag it across the tip.

Hannibal groaned softly. "If you're going to be a cockwarmer, be a cockwarmer. If you're going to be a tease, I'll tuck myself back in."

Will huffed softly. He looked up at Hannibal. He met his eyes, and made sure to make a show of taking him down. He stuck his tongue out as he swallowed him completely. Hannibal twitched in his mouth.

Will closed his eyes. He didn't know how much longer they sat there when Hannibal tugged on his hair.

"We're moving."

Will came up briefly. “Sounds good.”

“I was implying you need to sit up.”

“And I was implying that I’m not going to.”

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Jack was still waiting on Will to arrive. He’d been notified about a multi car accident that had happened on the only road to the scene. He was a little surprised when he saw Hannibal’s Bentley pull up in the driveway. He raised his hand above his eyes to block out the sun. He saw Hannibal, but no Will—

“Are you fucking kidding me?” He muttered to himself as he watched Will seemingly appear in the passenger seat.

Will stepped out of the car, waving to Hannibal as he backed out of the driveway. The audacity this man had. It didn’t make anything any better when he noticed white in his beard. Jack would never be able to say what he wanted with a straight face, so instead, he said:

“You got a little…uh..white in your beard.”

Will wiped his face with his hand, with a smirk. “Just a little sour cream. I was having lunch before you called.” And with the same hand he wiped his face with, he patted Jack’s chest.

Jack groaned. “Why do I put up with him?” he asked himself as he made his way into the house.

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